

Mrs. Tim Terrell, Mrs. Frank Baker, and their guest, Mrs. Van Trass, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Woods of Hollywood.

Arthur Harlan of Long Beach was a visitor Thursday at the home of his niece, Miss Viola Harlan.

Mrs. Nora Actikson is driving a new Ford coupe.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cline of Oak street spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Cline of Inglewood.

Miss Lucile Meers of Tulare is spending the summer at the home of her uncle, C. H. Meers, of Walnut street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Madden were entertained recently by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Delahunte of Walnut Park.

Omer Bromley of Elsinore was a weekend visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brumpton and son, of Eschelman avenue, spent Sunday with Mrs. Brumpton's mother, Mrs. Mary Rapson, of Los Angeles.

Miss Lena Rein of San Pedro and A. Theek were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schneldorfer of Oak street.

The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER loses his memory from shell shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize

NAN MARRABY, to whom he became engaged prior to his departure for France. Nan has since returned to her home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. Nan is still in touch with

JOAN ENDICOTT, whose husband has just returned to London on leave. Joan hints that Peter ought to stop grieving over Peter and encourage the budding love of

JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is staying at the home of the former's widowed sister, near the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister while very much disgusted with the attentions of

HARLEY SEFTON, money lender, whom she first met through Peter before he joined his command. Since his return Peter has failed to recognize him. Sefton has told Nan that both Peter and her father owe him large sums of money and that it is up to her to say whether payment shall be demanded.

Arnott and his sister have stopped in for tea; they are discussing Peter's love for children (he had left the auto to walk in with Nan's stepbrothers) when Arnott announces their arrival.

NAN turned her head to the window. The boys and Peter were coming up the garden—Claude and Buster were hanging on to either arm, Jim was walking backwards, a little in front, and all three were talking at the top of their voices.

"I must make some more tea," she said hurriedly. "If you will excuse me for a moment..." She went quickly away; she wanted to compose herself a little before meeting Peter. As soon as she had gone Doris looked at her brother. "Well," he said rather awkwardly, meeting her eyes. "What do you think of her?"

Mrs. Meers shrugged her shoulders. "I think she is quite—nice," she said reluctantly. "How long have you known her, John?"

"Oh—years!" Arnott said hurriedly. "At least, if it isn't, it seems like years."

"You've never told me about her before."

He ran an agitated hand over his cropped head. "No; you see, I never thought you'd meet; and one gets to know so many people when one knocks about the world like I do." He seized upon the cake plate. "Have some more cake?"

"No, thank you." She leaned back in her chair and looked at her small reflection in a long, old-fashioned glass opposite.

"And how long has Miss Marraby known Peter?" she asked suddenly.

Arnott was spared the embarrassment of a reply by the entry of Peter himself with the three boys. The boys stopped on the threshold in confusion when they saw that Nan was not there. They were not allowed in the drawing room, as a rule.

"But if you are very good, you may have tea here today," said Nan, appearing behind them. "But

no jam, mind, and no sticky fingers on the cushions."

She turned to Peter with a friendly little smile. She put down the fresh teapot she carried and shook hands with him.

"I don't know how you are off for servants," she said to Mrs. Meers, "but we only have one small maid, so I have to help her."

"It's getting a most serious question—this shortage of maids," Mrs. Meers answered. "Fortunately, I'm always dreading that they will give notice and go and make munitions or something."

"You don't want three maids," her brother struck in bluntly. "It's absurd."

Doris colored in faint annoyance. "My dear boy!" she protested. Arnott laughed.

"Well, if the war goes on much longer you'll all be doing your own work," he said. "How would you like that, Miss Marraby?"

"There are a great many things I should hate more," Nan told him calmly. "I am rather fond of housework." When it was with Miss Lyster she pulled herself up sharply. She shot a frightened look at Peter, hoping he had not heard, but it was too late. He was looking across at her inquiringly.

"Miss Lyster?" he echoed. "What Miss Lyster were you with, Miss Marraby?"

Nan's hand jerked suddenly, knocking over her teacup; its contents dripping over the cloth and fall dripping onto the rather shabby carpet—the boys screamed with delight—Arnott produced a handkerchief and went down on his knees.

Nan gave a little cry of protest. "Oh, please, don't—it won't hurt the carpet at all; I'll fetch a cloth," she fled from the room; the blood was singing in her ears; when she reached the kitchen she forgot what she had come for—she stood there staring helplessly before her till the little maid asked timidly what she wanted.

Nan roused herself then with a start. "Nothing—at least—I've spilled some tea."

"It's all soaked in," Jim said as Nan arrived.

"Soaked in," Claudie echoed. Nan went down on her knees; she mopped the little pool up vigorously. "It won't show at all," she said breathlessly. "How clumsy of me! It's a good thing it wasn't one of you boys," she added, with pretended severity.

She hoped desperately that Peter had forgotten his question; she suggested a walk in the garden. She unbolted the long French window and went out onto the grass with Doris Meers.

"I hope you will come and see me, Miss Marraby," Doris said. "I live very quietly—I lost my husband two years ago, you know."

"Yes," said Nan. "Mr. Arnott told me—I'm so sorry."

"It was dreadful at first," Mrs. Meers said with a sigh. "I thought I couldn't go on living at all—but well, I have, you see. I try to do what I can to help others..." She raised her dark eyes to Nan with disconcerting suddenness. "Are you engaged?" she asked.

Nan was looking straight ahead of her. "I was," she said, steadily. "But it is at an end now."

"And was he in the war, too?" Mrs. Meers asked.

"Yes," said Nan. "There was a little silence. "He was not—killed?" the other girl asked again.

"No."

Mrs. Meers touched the little military ribbon Nan still wore. "I thought, perhaps—as you are wearing this," she said, deprecatingly.

"Most of us wear some ribbon or another, don't we?" said Nan. She tried to smile. "In London the other day I saw an old woman in a bus with three different badges on her coat—she was so proud of them—she told me that she had three sons serving in the army."

Mrs. Meers laughed. "How quaint!"

There was a touch of artificiality in her voice which Nan resented; she stopped and looked back at the others.

Mrs. Meers stopped, too. "It's very sad about Mr. Lyster, don't you think?" she asked.

"Very," said Nan. "I shall miss him dreadfully when he goes away," Mrs. Meers went on. "He has been so kind to me." She broke off as the two men and the boys came up. She moved away from Nan and went over to Peter.

some relations somewhere or other." He looked at her suddenly. "Are you feeling happier today?" he asked abruptly.

Nan flushed scarlet. "I don't want to be reminded of last night," she said vehemently. "I made an utter and complete fool of myself. Please, try and forget it."

There was a little silence. "Do you often walk in the wood?" he asked.

"Sometimes—I haven't much time."

"And do you like Mrs. Meers?" Peter asked then.

Nan hesitated. "Well, I can hardly say—I've never seen her before, you know. She's pretty, isn't she?" She longed for him to disagree with her.

Peter glanced across to where Mrs. Meers was talking to her brother.

"Yes; I suppose one would call her pretty," he said, at last. "She is small and dainty."

"And men always like small and dainty women," Nan said. She hated herself for having said it, but she could not help it.

"Do they?" Lyster asked.

Nan went with them to the gate. The car was drawn up at the roadside and the chauffeur was half asleep in his seat.

"She must have plenty of money," Nan thought with a pang. "And you'll come over and see us?" Mrs. Meers was asking her. "I should love you to drive over, John; must you drive over one day and fetch you. Will you, John?"

John would be delighted, he said. What day should he come? Any day would suit him.

"I think we had better leave it for a little while," Nan answered. "I am so busy; there is such a lot to do."

"You leave it too long I shall be back in France," he told her ruefully.

Nan glanced at Peter; he was not attending.

(To Be Continued)

Texas Minister, 84, Is Guest of Honor; Mason for 61 Years

Rev. J. L. Smith of Texas was guest of honor recently at a dinner at the home of his son, J. W. Smith, of 221 Narbonne avenue, Lomita.

The affair was a celebration of Rev. Smith's eighty-fourth birthday. For 48 years Mr. Smith has been a minister of the gospel, and a member of the Masonic fraternity for 61 years.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russ and family, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Curry, of Los Angeles; Mrs. E. Irene, Clarence Lester Pix, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Price and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith, J. P. Smith, and J. W. Smith and sons Earl and Orval.

Mrs. Franklin Davis of Western street has recovered from several days' illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Candron of San Francisco were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Smith of Lucile street.

Sealed bids are hereby requested from all newspapers of general circulation as same are defined by Section 4460, Political Code, qualified to publish notices, ordinances, resolutions and other legal publications and advertising for the City of Torrance, for the doing of said advertising and printing for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1927.

Said bids will be opened July 19, 1926, at 8:30 o'clock P.M. By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, A. H. BARTLETT, City Clerk.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Are You Particular? Try These

You'll Like Them Guaranteed

Klenzo Shaving Brush Set in Rubber, Bristles cannot come out—and Klenzo Shaving Cream An abundance of moisture that softens the beard.

Opheum BRANCH TICKET OFFICE

DOLLEY DRUG CO.

The Rexall Drug Store Phone 10 Torrance

LOCAL NOTES

Miss Viola Harlan of Sun street was a recent overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. Slutz of Los Angeles.

Miss Edith S. Smith enjoyed a trip to Mexico with a party of friends last week.

LOCAL NOTES

Miss Viola Harlan of Sun street was a recent overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. Slutz of Los Angeles.

Miss Edith S. Smith enjoyed a trip to Mexico with a party of friends last week.

SAFEGWAY STORES

—at Safeway—and Chaffee Stores All Safeway Stores Closed Monday, July 5, Independence Day

—the most favored fruit for salad—an exceptional quality—exceptional price! Mizpah Pears large can 2 for 55¢

—for the Outing lunch Libby Meatwich Spread... can 12½c Libby Corned Beef... 12-oz. can 28c Libby Boneless Chicken... can 55c Underwood Deviled Ham... can 9c and 20c Libby Luncheon Tongue... can 28c

—value that's being appreciated! Highway Olives med. can 10¢ large can 20¢

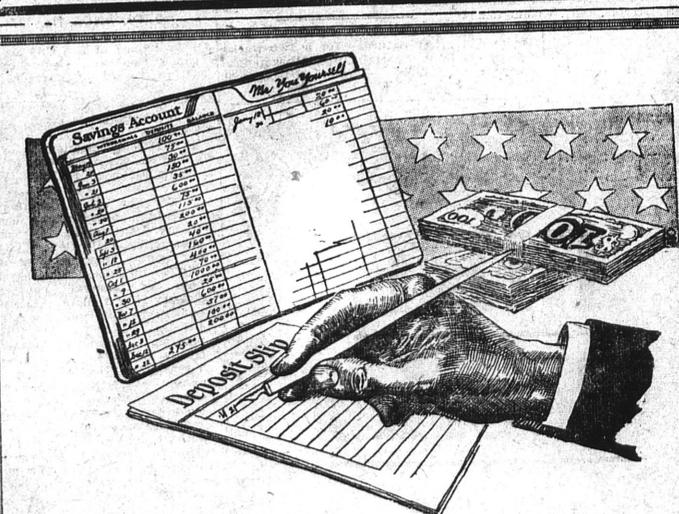
Mandarin Chop Suey... 9-oz. can 35c Olive Mince... 4-oz. can 12c Bishop's Brawn Biscuits... pkg. 30c Snow Flakes... pkg. 12c and 32c Bishop's Bluepoint Butter Crackers... pkg. 19c

—this delightful fruit at its best! Vero Grape Fruit No. 2 can 25¢

Gold Medal Mayonnaise... 12c, 25c and 45c Best Foods Thousand Island... 12c, 25c and 45c Best Foods Relish Spread... 30c Wright's French Dressing... 15c and 33c Beechnut Spaghetti... 17-oz. can 14c

—rich in food value;—most palatable! Highway Red Salmon tall can 35¢

Heinz Spaghetti... 11c, 16c and 25c Heinz Beans... small can 10c; med. 14c Libby Beans... 17-oz. can 10c Beechnut Peanut Butter... 12c, 18c and 25c



Your Declaration of Independence

A Savings Account

Independence from the hardships of old age; independence from assistance that may be offered begrudgingly by friends or relatives—a Savings Account with systematic deposits will at all times give you what you wish and when you want it.

The instant you sign your name at this Bank to an application you attach your signature to a declaration of independence for life. Why not do that today?

First National Bank OF TORRANCE

TOTAL RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS

For Friday and Saturday Only!



Optic Colored Glass Iced Tea Set

Special

\$1.99

A beautiful set that will be a delight for you to use! It consists of six distinctly shaped glasses and one large concave jug of colored optic glass. You have a choice of several colors.

Remember! Two Days Only Friday and Saturday

Torrance Hardware Co.

Leon Larson, Prop.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

1319 Sartori

Phone 32

FLOWERS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Deliveries in Torrance and Lomita Free of Charge. Prompt and Skilled Service.

GERKIN

FLORIST

Two Stores at Your Service

SAN PEDRO 311 W. 7th St. Phone 2036

LOS ANGELES 1856 W. Washington BEacon 6668

Convenient for Camping

Equally Satisfactory In the Home---

The NEW

Portable 6 Tube

HEXADYNE

—Self Contained Loop Aerial —Self Contained Loud Speaker and Batteries

Requires no ground. Carry it anywhere, like a small suitcase—in your car, to the beach, or in camp. Half a minute sets it up anywhere. The reception is loud and clear, with a beauty of tone hitherto unknown in a portable set. One dial tunes in all stations.

The appearance of its "suitcase" cabinet is very pleasing, being of high grade leatheroid with nickel plated trimmings.

Price \$125 Complete - On Convenient Terms

HEAR IT NOW at

DeBra Radio Co.

Phone 73-J

Carson and Cravens Streets, Torrance

